

The Northern Galaxy.

AND MIDDLEBURY PEOPLE'S PRESS.

H. BELL, Editor and Proprietor.

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MISCELLANEOUS.

THE WORLD IS BRIGHT BEFORE THEE.

BY BALLET.

The world is bright before thee;
Its summer flowers are in bloom;
Its calm blue sky is over thee;
Thy bosom veins are glowing;
And from the sunbeams given
And from the morning hour;
Fair, warm as when from heaven
It burst on Eden's tower.

There is a song of sorrow—

The death-song of the gay—
That tells of dawn of morn,
These claims may melt away;
The sun's bright beam is shaded,
That sky by blue no more,
The summer flowers are faded,
And youth's warm promise o'er.

Believe it not—though lonely

Thy evening home may be;
Though beauty's bark can only
Float on a summer sea;
Though time thy bloom is stealing,
There's still, beyond its gloom,
The wild flower wreath of feeling—
The sunbeam of the heart!

From the Rutland Herald.

RAIL ROAD.

Some of the readers of the Herald are already acquainted with the fact, that several Railroad Companies were incorporated at the session of our Legislature—one from Burlington up the valley of Union river by Montpelier; another from the Connecticut river; another up the valley of the Connecticut and Passumpsic rivers; another from Brattleboro to Massachusetts line, and another from Brattleboro, Southbury, through the towns of Andover, Rutland, Windsor and Windham, to the Connecticut river, intended to meet the Boston and Fitchburg rail road either at Bellows Falls or by the way of Brattleboro.

With this last route your readers have the deepest interest. It is the object of the friends of this route, to open a rail road communication between Burlington and Boston. And the friends of the central rail road, also, to construct a rail road communication between Burlington and Boston, and are already calling the attention of the public to the subject.

It is supposed that the leading object of the Central rail road company to erect, on Connecticut river at the most convenient point, a contemplated rail road from Concord, N. H., from which there is already a rail road completed to Boston.

It is not only possible but most probable, that in a very few years, a rail road will be extended from Boston to Burlington—and it therefore becomes a question of no small importance, which of the two routes is the most feasible, the most practicable, the most economical, and the most desirable.

Southern and Western Vermont have a vast interest in the decision on this question; and to this interest, their attention can not too soon be directed. For though the distance, the cost of construction, and the ability to support a rail road between the points above mentioned, are all in favor of the route from Burlington to Rutland and thence to Bellows Falls, or Brattleboro, yet we shall have to contend with wealth, with shrewdness and with interest.

It is the purpose of this article, to enter into minute details, being merely introductory but it may as well be stated, as facts that can be substantiated—demonstrated; that the whole distance from Boston by Fitchburg, thence the shortest route through Rutland to Burlington is less by more than forty-five miles, than by the longest route—twenty-five miles, than by the route from Boston by Fitchburg, thence to Burlington; and that the cost of construction for the whole distance upon the western route, would not probably exceed four millions of dollars, while that of the eastern route would probably exceed seven millions, and it has been estimated at eight millions of dollars.

The western route would run through a territory, that will afford a vast amount of freight, that cannot be had on the eastern route, such as marble, and valuable quantities of iron and manganese—besides the rich and abundant products of the soil and the forests.

It will also be found, that it will require less length of rails, to reach Burlington from Bellows Falls through Rutland, than from the mouth of White river by Montpelier to Burlington—and that it will cost more to construct a road from Montpelier to Burlington, than from Burlington to the foot of the mountain in Westbury, a distance of more than seventy miles. Let the people of Western and Southern Vermont look to their interests without delay.

R.

The Two Suitors.

—And that morn
Had Juan from his love born
All woman's promises were
And watch'd her for her eyes
In vain, had seen a rival high,
And smil'd upon—widely aware
That he would wear the chain no more—
—And yet she lov'd him—oh! how well,
Let woman's own fond spirit tell!

The expediency of the war of 1812, between Great Britain and America, was not so unanimously acknowledged the citizens of the latter country, nor was the conflict maintained by them with the same enthusiasm and sacrifice, as distinguished that which gave Independence to the "Union."

This aversion to "deeds of arms" did not, however, arise from cowardice, or effeminacy; and though some, no doubt, opposed the war merely from party considerations, yet but few, even of these, were indifferent to the glory and prosperity of their country. Many of our best and wisest patriots readily believed the appeal to the sword premature, and that friendly negotiation might have removed, or at least remedied, the grievances of which we complained. And many were opposed to the invasion of Canada, as contrary to the genius of our constitution and the principles of Washington; and they urged that the ambition of conquest, was incompatible with the preservation of republican institutions. Thus though they allowed the war to be necessary, they contended that it should be repelled on the theatre where they had been offered. Such were the feelings and reasonings which, unhappily for the reputation of our arms, prevented many of the brave and high-spirited young men of the North from obeying the call of their country, and arranging themselves beneath her standard at the commencement of the struggle. But, as the war continued, the thirst for martial fame, one of the most potent passions of man, indignation at the atrocities of the British troops and their Indian allies, occasionally overcome the principles of prejudices of this class, and many were found fighting under the orders of an Administration for which they would not have voted. Yet it was not till Sir George Prevost, presuming on the superior skill of his veteran legions, and perhaps hoping the disapprobation of the war so openly manifested by a majority of the English citizens would operate to his favor, made his irruption into the "States," with the intent of permanent conquest and occupation, that the true spirit of Yankee Americans was displayed. Sir George, in his proclamation, showed extreme ignorance of the genius and disposition of independent Republicans, especially of those he so specifically addressed. He ought to have known that the sons of those brave men who had completed Burgoyne to lay his weapons at their feet, would never permit a hostile army to march upon their territory. And he might have reflected that any attempt to separate the people from a government emanating from themselves, would be as impolitic as futile; and above all that, from an invader, the offer of protection, if peaceful and ungrudging, would be considered a most aggravated insult, and prove the surest means of uniting their councils and rousing their resistance. It did not, however, avail them effectually. At the call of the militia of Vermont, without distinction of party, rushed to the defence of Plattsburgh, with the same ardor and unshaken confidence in the justice and success of their cause, as their fathers had displayed when they came in the night of Freedom to the field of Saratoga!

It was about four o'clock in the afternoon, of September 24, 1814, that an express from Macomb entered the secluded property village, about 20 miles from Lake Champlain. His warlike career was no sooner told, than, as if an electric cord had been touched, the hearts of all who heard it thirsted for the combat. A stout drummer, who actually laid down the sickle for the drumstick, instantly paraded the street, beating most furiously to arms, the train of young republicans at his heels increasing every moment, while the conscript fathers were hastily deliberating on the speediest means of despatching their reinforcement to the aid of the American General.

About one half mile from the little village, and entirely concealed from it by an intervening hill, stood the dwelling of Captain Ware, a veteran of the revolution, but now quite too far advanced in years to take an active part in military preparation. Supported on his staff, he was slowly proceeding towards the village, and just gained the ascent of the hill, when the messenger, reining in his foaming steed as he approached him, exclaimed—

"You fight Burgoyne, or Cornwallis! The red coats are coming down upon Plattsburgh. Will you not send your sons to the battle?"

"Are the British coming?" eagerly demanded the old man, standing upright, while he advanced one foot, and brought up his staff with what he intended for a fine military air—"Would to heaven I had an army of sons to fight them! But I have no sons hereabouts. Yet stop, stop!" added he impatiently—"I want to talk more about it—you can't—I will, well, call at my house tonight—don't you see, you men there to hasten up to the village."

The messenger bowed, gave the reins to his fiery and restless steed, and sprang forward, while the dust rose as if a whirlwind were passing. The house to which the old man pointed, stood on a small eminence commanding the road, and had the appearance of being quite ancient for the country. The low old fashioned porch, and high steep roof, were nearly covered by a luxuriant woodbine, which, being shaded from the fierce heats of the sun by lofty maples, were even at that season of the year almost the greenness of spring. A tall, fine looking young man was standing on the lowest step of the porch, his hat on, evidently ready to depart; but probably delaying till the horseman, who came sweeping onwards so furiously, should have passed. On a seat within the porch sat a gentleman and lady, both bending forward to catch a view of the stranger, who, drawing up the rein a moment raised up in a tone very nearly as loud as a trumpet—"To Plattsburgh, to Plattsburgh, young men! The British are coming!"—And again dashing forward, was soon out of sight.

"George," said a sweet tremulous voice, that sounded, when compared with the harsh accents which had just died away, like the breathings of gentle music after the thunder-bolt has sped—"George, shall you go?"

"Go, yes, I will go!" answered he, with emphasis, and a kind of exultation, that, for a moment, seemed to carry a bitter pang to the heart of the young lady. But her color soon changed from the paleness of marble to a glow as bright as the tints of a summer morning, and her fine dark eyes sparkled with enthusiasm and spirit as she eagerly exclaimed—

"Yes, yes, if the enemy are coming you must—you must all go!" And she glanced towards the young man seated in the porch.

He was examining a leaf of the woodbine as intently and seemingly with as much devotion, as a professor of Botany would bestow on a new plant whose genus was yet undecided, and did not notice her appeal.

"I shall now have my father's consent to join the troops," continued George, kindling with new ardor as he gazed on the animated face before him. "I have often heard him say that, if the British invaded us, every means he could command should be at the service of his country. He did not think that the declaration of war, at the time, very wise, and he has thought the management of the war very weak; but he will never sit tamely down while the flag of our enemy is waving over our territory."

"Hush! hush! the drum!"—said Julia laying her finger on her parted lips.

"They are beating up for volunteers!" cried George, his eyes flashing. "Edward, are you going?"

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"Hush! hush! the drum!"—said Julia laying her finger on her parted lips.

"They are beating up for volunteers!" cried George, his eyes flashing. "Edward, are you going?"

"Call me Ned if you please, sir!" Edward sounds too countrified," returned the other, still turning over the woodbine leaf. "I shall be up at village soon; there is no time lost yet, and I have no idea that my parents will consent I should go at any rate."

Another roll of the drum was borne by on the wind.

"I leave you with agreeable company, Miss Ware," said George, with a tone and manner in which love, tenderness and sorrow seemed struggling with anger, reproach and contempt, "Farewell." And he stepped on the ground with a firm tread.

"George Hopkins," she cried in a quick agitated voice. He paused and again turned towards her. But if she had really intended saying ought to dissuade him from his purpose of joining the army, or appease what her heart whispered was just resentment, his mild, collected air at once, by awakening her pride, restored her self-possession, and she merely enquired when he thought the volunteers would have to march.

"Immediately," was his reply. "To-night—tomorrow morning, I presume." And having so walked, or rather ran towards the village, at a speed that soon carried him beyond the sound of her voice. She gazed after him till he had ascended the hill, and then, while busying herself in arranging a beautiful geranium she was cultivating, and which George, in the hurry of his departure had nearly overturned, she found opportunity to wipe away the tears which, in spite of all her efforts, would gush when she thought of that youth and the manner in which they had separated, never perhaps to meet again.

"You are mightily concerned about your geranium, Miss Julia," said the knight of the leaf. "Now I don't see the need of young ladies who reside in the country, troubling themselves about raising shrubs and flowers when they will spring up and bloom every where around them without care or trouble. In the city to be sure they must have them artificially or not at all—but hang me, if I ever liked to see the windows filled with pots and boxes, and all them sort of things. It was quite too contrived."

"I should think the sight of those objects that reminds us of home and its associations would always be pleasant," replied the young lady, regarding him with a very grave air.

"O! yes, to be sure, whatever brings in the recollection of the pretty girls we have left in the country is tremendously beautiful; and when I look on those city geraniums and thought of your's I could have wished every window a flower-pot. But sometimes they remind me of a farm, and then George Hopkins always crossed my mind, and you must feel I could not be happy."

"George is an excellent young man, and the idol of his friends," remarked Julia, apparently unconscious of the manner in which she was changing the conversation, "do you think she was much changed in the defence of Plattsburgh?"

"I don't think it will have to be defended at all, for I have no idea the British will attack it. They have only entered Champlain village to make a flourish and show themselves. The next thing we shall hear they will be off, safe and snug in Canada. No, no, they never will try the metal of our Green Mountain boys," continued he rising and stepping loftily across the porch. "Why I could beat two red coats myself!"

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From the Ft. Watchman.

A PEEP INTO FUTURITY—PRESIDENTIAL ELECTION.

As there is at the present time much conversation and speculation upon the prospects of the Presidential election, it may not be amiss to give to the public some views upon that subject, so important to this whole community. In the first place, there can be but little doubt that Martin Van Buren, will be the nominee of the Loco Foco Convention, and Henry Clay that of the Whig, and from all the information that I have been able to gather from various parts of the Union, I have no reasonable doubt but that Martin Van Buren will obtain the vote of N. Hampshire, Alabama, Missouri & Arkansas, being 28, and South Carolina 9 more, unless the friends of Mr. Calhoun should discover in the management of the Loco Convention too much iniquity in forcing the nomination of Mr. Van Buren, in which case he might be inclined to direct the vote of that State to be thrown away or even given to Mr. Clay, should that vote be necessary to keep the election from the house of Representatives, where Mr. Van Buren would be elected. The States of Maine and Illinois, (giving 18 votes) may safely be reckoned very doubtful, and who ever gets them, the majority will be small. The other 19 States, giving 220 votes, are nearly sure for Henry Clay of Kentucky, in Dec. 1844, in case his life and health are spread to that time. Perhaps some of my Whig brethren may consider this too strong a case in our favor, and much more than facts will justify. I will therefore give my reasons and submit it to a candid public to judge. I believe that genuine Whig principles are as sweet to the Whigs now, as they were in 1844, as they were in 1840, notwithstanding they have been most shamefully betrayed by that vile traitor, John Tyler. And I do not find scarcely one State in the Union, unless it has greatly increased its population, that has given so many Loco votes since 1840, as it gave that year, and they were then in large minority. I do not believe the Whigs are dead, or changed in their principles, but they have been sleeping in 1844 they will be awake and at the polls, or I am no prophet. Ah! say the faint hearted, this third party is what will defeat us. The third party, I must admit, will do something in aid of the election of Mr. Van Buren; but not near to the extent that some judicious persons apprehend. The most of the third party men, from whom any danger is apprehended, were, and still are, whigs in principle, and still possess some reason, though they may of late have imbibed but one idea, and that for the emancipation of the Slave. They have put in nomination James G. Birney for their President, but not with the least faith of any one of their leaders, that he will obtain one electoral vote in the Union. Now I cannot believe that many of that party, who will let reason have its influence, (and many of them will in my opinion use reason,) will throw away their votes upon a man who they perfectly agree in six points out of seven, and aid the election of a person who agrees with them on no point whatever. Whenever I see reasonable persons so act, I shall have a very different opinion of them from what I now have. AN EXAMINER.

Rev. Mr. Pierpont, of Boston, has sued the Hollis-street Church proprietors for a year's salary, and attached the estate there for a year.

"THAT LETTER."—The old fox has at last been smoked out of his hole. The Richmond Enquirer has been forced, by appeals from all quarters, to give the letter to the public, in which Mr. Van Buren denounces and disclaims the present Tariff! Here it is. It is the shortest and consequently the most explicit letter that ever emanated from his all-sided pen. Read it, friends of the present American Tariff! and remember him who thus announces himself opposed to its Principle as well as to its Details. The Troy Budget, Albany Argus and other pretended Locofoco Tariff papers, who only oppose the details of the Tariff, will of course copy the epistle from their chief! Let it be generally circulated.—Albany Evening Journal.

Albany, Feb. 28, 1843.

"My Dear Sir,—I thank you very kindly for your friendly letter. I have at no time nor any where hesitated to express my decided disapprobation of the Tariff act of the last session, as well in respect to the principles upon which it is founded, as to its details. In good time you will have my views in respect to that and other subjects before the public. In the mean time, believe me to be very sincerely, your friend and ob't servant.

MARTIN VAN BUREN."

THE ROMAN CATHOLIC CHURCH.—We understand that letters have been received from Rome, by the Rt. Rev. Bishop Kenrick, of Philadelphia, announcing the appointment of the nine new Bishops for the United States, who were elected at the last Council of Baltimore. They are as follows:

Rt. Rev. Dr. O'Connor, D. D.; Bishop of Pittsburgh.
Rt. Rev. Wm. Quarters, D. D.; Bishop of Chicago.
Rt. Rev. A. Byrnes, D. D.; Bishop of Arkansas.
Rt. Rev. John McCuskey, D. D.; Asst. Bishop of New York.
Rt. Rev. Mr. Henrie, D. D.; Bishop of Milwaukee.
Rt. Rev. Mr. Blanchet, D. D.; Bishop of Oregon.
Rt. Rev. John Fitzpatrick, D. D.; Asst. Bishop of Boston.
Rt. Rev. Mr. Tyler, D. D.; Bishop of Hartford.
Rt. Rev. Mr. Reynolds, D. D.; Bishop of Charleston.—N. Y. Express.

LAWS OF VERMONT.—1843.

Secretary of State's Office,
Montpelier, Nov. 3, 1843.

The following Public Acts of the General Assembly, passed at the last session thereof, from number one to number thirty-four, inclusive, are hereby designated for publication in the newspapers published in this state, agreeably to the eleventh section of the fifth chapter of the Revised Statutes.

J. Mc M. SNAYTER, Secretary of State.

No. 1. An act, fixing the times for holding the county court in Washington county.

It is hereby enacted by the General Assembly of the State of Vermont, as follows:

Sec. 1. The county court for the county of Washington, shall be held at Montpelier, in said county of Washington, on the third Tuesdays of April and November in each year.

Sec. 2. Such of the provisions of the act to which this is an amendment, as are inconsistent with the provisions of this act, are hereby repealed.

Approved Nov. 1, 1843.

No. 2. An act, relating to the sale of property on execution.

It is hereby enacted by the General Assembly of the State of Vermont, as follows:

Sec. 1. When an officer, holding an execution, shall levy the same on hay, grain in the straw, potatoes, timber, lumber, brick, lime, coal, charcoal, ashes, machinery used in any shop, mill, or factory, hides in the process of tanning, cord-wood, stone, ore, bark, shingles, hives of bees, or hay scales, he shall forthwith advertise the same for sale, by setting up an advertisement at some public place in the town where such property was taken, in which he shall enumerate such property, and state the time when the same will be sold, either at the place where the same is kept by such officer, or at such public place, which time shall not be less than fourteen days from the time of setting up such advertisement.

Sec. 2. So much of section four of chapter forty-two of the Revised Statutes, as is inconsistent with the provisions of this act, is repealed.

Sec. 3. This act shall take effect from and after its passage.

Approved Nov. 1, 1843.

No. 3. An act, relating to costs in civil actions.

It is hereby enacted by the General Assembly of the State of Vermont, as follows:

Sec. 1. When any person shall be summoned to appear before any county court as trustee, in any cause three pending, such court may appoint a commissioner to take the disclosure of such trustee, and the same proceedings shall be had before such commissioner, relating to the disclosure of such trustee, as are prescribed in chapter twenty-nine of the Revised Statutes.

Sec. 2. Any commissioner, so appointed, may administer all necessary oaths or affirmations to any trustee appearing before him; and when such court is not in session, he may summon any trustee, whose disclosure he has been appointed to take, to appear before him, and make disclosure in the same manner as required by said chapter twenty-nine, and such disclosure said commissioner shall return to said court, and the same proceedings shall be had thereon, as if the same had been made before said court.

Sec. 3. If any trustee, after reasonable notice from such commissioner, shall refuse or neglect to appear before him, or appearing shall refuse or neglect to make his disclosure, or to answer such interrogatories as shall be proposed to him in writing, agreeably to the provisions of said chapter twenty-nine, the county court, unless good cause be shown to the contrary, shall render judgment against said trustee as in case of default.

Sec. 4. This act shall take effect from its passage.

Approved, Oct. 27, 1843.

No. 11. An act, regulating proceedings against trustees.

It is hereby enacted by the General Assembly of the State of Vermont, as follows:

Sec. 1. No execution shall hereafter issue against the body of the trustee, except when such person shall be adjudged a trustee under section thirty-four of chapter twenty-nine of the Revised Statutes.

Sec. 2. This act shall take effect from its passage.

Approved Oct. 28, 1843.

No. 12.—An Act, relating to Process.

It is hereby enacted by the General Assembly of the State of Vermont, that whenever any male person dies leaving issue and shall leave no widow; or whenever any female person dies leaving issue and shall leave no surviving husband, the probate court of the district, where by law such person's estate is settled, may, in its discretion, on the return of the inventory, if the same shall not exceed one hundred and fifty dollars, and the estate be intestate, by a decree for that purpose, assign the whole of such estate to the children of the deceased for their own use.

Approved Nov. 1, 1843.

No. 14.—An Act, providing for the collection of Taxes assessed on Real Estate.

It is hereby enacted by the General Assembly of the